(Mock not thy affect, the vntraded earth)
Your *quandam* wife sweares still by *Venus* gloue,
Shees well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now sir, shee's a deadly theame.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Nest. I haue thou gallant Troyan seene thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruell way,
Through rankes of Greekish youth, and I haue seene thee
As hot as *Perseus*, spurre thy Phrigian steed,
Despising many forfaits and subduments,
When thou hast hung th'aduanced sword ith'ayre,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I haue said to some my standers by,
Loe *Iupiter* is yonder dealing life.
And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue shrupd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrastling. This haue I seene,
But this thy countenance still lockt in steele,
I neuer saw till now: I knew thy grand-sire,
And once fought with him, he was a soldier good,
But by great *Mars* the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee: O let an old man embrace thee,
And worthy warriour welcome to our tents.
Æne. Tis the old *Nestor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walkt hand in hand with time,
Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe thee.
Nest. I would my armes could match thee in contention.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha? by this white beard Ide fight with thee to morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome, I haue seene the time.
Vlis. I wonder now how yonder Citty stands,
When we haue here her base and piller by vs?
Hect. I know your sauour lord *Vlisses* well,
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since first I saw your selfe and *Diomed*,
In Ilion on your Greekish embassie.
Vlis. Sir I foretold you then what would ensue,

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My prophecie is but halfe his iourney yet,
For yonder walls that pertly front your towne,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,
Must kisse their owne feete.
Hect. I must not beleeue you.
There they stand yet, and modestly I thinke,
The fall of euery Phrigian stone will cost,
A drop of Grecian bloud: the end crownes all,
And that old common arbitrator Time, will one day end it.
Vlis. So to him we leaue it.
Most gentle and most valiant *Hector*, welcome:
After the Generall, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee lord *Vlisses* thou:
Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee, (by ioint.
I haue with exact view perus'de thee *Hector*, & quoted ioynt
Hect. Is this *Achilles*? *Achil.* I am *Achilles*.
Hect. Stand faire I pray thee, let me looke on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay I haue done already.
Achil. Thou art too briefe, I will the second time,
As I would buie thee, view thee lim by lim,
Hect. O like a booke of sport thou'lt read me ore:
But there's more in me then thou vnderstandst,
Why doost thou so oppresse me with thine eye.
Achil. Tell me you heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him: whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hectors great spirit flew: answer me heauens.
Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand againe,
Thinkst thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead.
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hect. Wert thou an Oracle to tell me so,
Ide not beleeue thee. Hence-forth gard thee well,

For